

ROSALIND AT RED GATE

BY
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SYNOPSIS.

Miss Patricia Holbrook and Miss Helen Holbrook, her sister, were entranced by the care of Lawrence Donovan, a writer summering near Port Amundale, Mass. Patricia confided to Donovan that she feared her brother Henry, who ruined his bank fortune, had been instrumental in her separation from his father's will, of which Miss Patricia was guardian. They came to Port Amundale to escape Henry. Donovan sympathized with the two women. He learned of Miss Helen's amorous suitor, Donovan discovered and captured him, and proved it to be the Italian sailor, Gillespie, who had tried to be Donovan's amorous suitor for the hand of Miss Helen. Holbrook, Gillespie, disappeared the following morning. A rough sailor appeared and was ordered away. Donovan saw Miss Holbrook and her father meet on friendly terms. Donovan found an Italian assassin. He met the man he supposed was Holbrook, but who might be Hartridge, a canesemaker. After a short discussion Donovan left hurriedly. Gillespie was discovered by Donovan presenting a country church to Father Pat. Gillespie admitted that he had been in love with Miss Helen, but denied that Miss Helen had been missing for a few hours. While riding in a boat the Italian sailor attempted to kidnap the girl, but failed. Miss Far announced her intention of fighting the two brothers and not seek their advice. Donovan and Helen sat in garden at night. Lawrence was confessed by the young lady. She admitted conniving with her father despite her aunt's protestations in a night meeting with Donovan. The three went for a long ride the following day. That night they all slept in the same room. Henry was absent. She met Robert Gillespie who told her his love for Miss Helen was unrequited. At the town post office Helen, unmet except by Donovan, stepped aside from the hand of the Italian sailor. She also signed the paper of Miss Pat and Donovan. The two resembled Miss Helen. Holbrook was observed alone in a room when Helen was thought to be back at home. Donovan and Gillespie

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"I myself," he continued, "had a place near me and placing his feet in an open window, am cursed with rugged health. I have quite recovered from those galling cuts at the number—thanks to your ministrations—and am willing to put on the gloves with you at any time."

"You do me great honor; but the严 most wait for a lower temperature."

"As you will. It is not like my great and gracious ways to force a fight. Pardon me, but may I inquire for the benefit of the ladies at Saint What's Name?"

"They are quite well, thank you."

"I am glad to know it—and his tone had for the moment its baneful effect. "Henry Holbrook has gone to New York."

"Good-bye!" I exclaimed, heartily.

"And now if I could only follow and something would be joy plus for you!"

He caught and clapped his knees at my dispositions, for he had read my thoughts exactly.

You certainly are the only hit on the landscape!"

"Well, well! And if I could only go hence the pretty little bird that is nesting buried in the delightful garden under the eye of a friendly chaperone would go forward without interference."

He spoke merrily and I had observed that when he dropped his staff a note of melancholy crept into his talk. He folded his arms and went on. "She's a wonderful girl, Donovan. There's no other girl like her in all the wide world. Tell you it's hard for a girl like that to be in her position—the whole family broken up and that contemptible father of hers hanging about with his schemes of plunder. It's pitiful, Donovan. It's pitiful!"

"It's a cheerless mess. It all came after the bank failure, I suppose."

"Practically, though the brothers never got on. You see my governor was hit by their bank failure, and Miss Pat resented the fact that he backed off when stung. But the Gillespies take their medicine; father never squealed, which makes me sore that your Aunt Pat gives me the icy eye."

"Their affairs are certainly mixed. I replied, noncommittally."

"They are indeed; and I have studied the whole business until my near mind is muddled up, like scrambled eggs. Your own pretty idol of the nunnery garden adds the note piquante. Cross my palm with gold and I'll tell you of strange things that lie in the future. I have an idea, Donovan, singular though it seem, I've a notion in my head."

"Keep it," I retorted, "to prevent a cranial vacuum."

"Crushed! Absolutely crushed!" he replied, gloomily. "Kick me. I'm only the host."

We were silent while the few sounds of the village street droned in. He rose and paced the floor to shake off his mood, and when he sat down he seemed in better spirits.

"Holbrook will undoubtedly return," I said.

"Yes; there's no manner of doubt about that."

"And then there will be more trouble."

"Of course."

"But I suppose there's no guessing when he will come back."

"He will come back as soon as he's spent his money."

I felt a delicacy about referring to that transaction on the pier. It was a wretched business, and I now realized that the shame of it was not lost on Gillespie.

"Now does Henry come to have that



"What the Devil Did You Bring Me Up Here For?"



MISSOURI NEWS

Wheat Is Badly Damaged.

Glasgow—C. H. Barnes, secretary of the Glasgow Milling company, after making a personal inspection of a large area of farm lands adjacent to Glasgow, reports that the damage to wheat here will easily reach 75 per cent. Farmers living along and near the Missouri river have suffered the greatest loss, in many cases the wheat crop being regarded as a total failure. In the Saline, Chariton and Howard county bottoms the losses are particularly heavy.

Joplin Mine Changes Ownership.

Joplin—The Cameron mine and mill and the fee simple to fifty-three acres of party developed mineral land, known as Hartlieb's first addition to Joplin, has been sold by Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Pye to the Hera Land and Mining company for a reported consideration of \$200,000.

Calls Attention to Mistake.

Jefferson City—State Superintendent of Public Schools Goss calls attention to an error prevailing in a good many quarters to the effect that county school superintendents will be elected next April in all the counties. The election will occur in April, 1911.

Two Sentenced for Election Fraud.

Carthage—William Pickens and William Smith were sentenced to four years in the state penitentiary by Judge H. L. Bright in circuit court here for registering fraudulently in the local option election in Joplin January 27.

Student Gets Federal Job.

Columbia—P. T. Cole of Quaker Mills, a senior in the college of agriculture of the University of Missouri, has been appointed assistant horticulturist at the government experiment station in truck farming at Norfolk, Va.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Gate of Dreams.

In my heart I was anxious to do justice to Gillespie. Sad it is that we

are all so given to passing sentence on trifling blemishes!

I am not impossible. I should at

any time give to the like a man who

uses his thumb-nail paper-cutter for

such a one as clearly marked for beauty.

My pretensions rally as to a

tramp will let the sight of a girl

wearing overshoes or minding them

—the one suggestive of predatory

habits and weak lungs, the other of

nauseous dyspepsia.

The night was fine, and after re-

turning my horse to the stable I con-

tinued on to the Glenarm hotel.

I was stroking along, slow in mouth,

and was halfway to the hotel door

steps when a woman struck away from the veranda rail where she had been standing, gazing out upon the sky. There was no mistaking her.

She was not even disguised tonight,

and as I passed across the little ver-

anda she turned toward me. The two

times over the moonlight does influence

me, both as I expected her.

"Excuse me, Miss Holbrook. How

are you? I have disturbed you, probably."

"I am well, thank you."

"You have the advantage of being

on your own ground, she replied.

"I have all my rights preserved if

you will excuse me."

"Well, I have an idea that the dark

knows something that's valuable. Last

summer Henry was cruising in the

Sound with a pretty rotten crew,

skipping the chief diversion. A

man died on the boat before they got

back to New York. The report was

that he fell down a hatchway when he

was drunk, but there were some ugly

stories in the papers about it. That

Italian sailor was one of the crew."

"Where is he now?"

"Over at Fiddle Orchard. He knows

his man and knows hell's has. I'm

waiting for Henry too. Helen gave

him \$20,000. The way the market is

running he's likely to go broke any

day. He plays cards like a crazy

man, and after he's busted, he'll be

back on our hands."

"It's hard on Miss Paz."

"And it's harder on Helen. She's in

fear all the time for fear her father

will get up against the law and bring

further disgrace on the family. There's

her Uncle Arthur, a wanderer on the

face of the earth for his sins. That

was bad enough without the rest of it."

"That was greed, too, wasn't it?"

No, just general cussedness. He

blew in the Holbrook bank and

skipped."

You told me that Henry Holbrook

found his way here ahead of you. How

do you account for that?"

He looked at me quickly, and rose,

again pacing the narrow room.

"I don't. I wish I could!"

"It's about the last place in the

world to attract him. Port Amundale

is a quiet resort frequented by western

people only. There's neither hunting

nor fishing worth mentioning, and a

man doesn't come from New York to

Indiana to sail a boat on a thimbleful

of water like this lake."

"You are quite right."

If Helen Holbrook gave him warning

that they were coming here—"

Don't you dare say it! She couldn't

have done it. She wouldn't have done

it! Tell you I know, independently of

her, that he was here before Father

Stoddard ever suggested this place to

Miss Pat."

"Well, you needn't get so hot about it."

"And you needn't insinuate that she

is not acting honorably in this affair!

I should think that after making love

to her, as you have been doing, and

playing the role of comforter to Miss

Pat, you would have the grace of God, in

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Most Obstinate Things.

A bachelor says a mule is the most

obstinate thing on earth, but married

men know better—Chicago Daily

News.

River's Immense Traffic.

In the River Lek, Holland, and its

connecting canal to Amsterdam the

traffic amounts to over 60,000 vessels

of all kinds per annum.

GORDON'S TESTIMONY PROVES INTERESTING



Charles W. Gordon, whose picture is given above, is agent for the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company in Ogdensburg, N. Y., and resides at 78 King street, that city. In giving testimony regarding his own case, Mr. Gordon recently made the following statement:

"Some time ago, while suffering from stomach cat